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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

EIGHT

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

EIGHT

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THE BOYS, VOLUME 1 #8. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078.

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Printed in Canada.

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...NO ONE-- IN BOLD--HAS THE *RIGHT*--IN BOLD-- TO TELL *YOU*--IN BOLD--HOW TO LIVE YOUR *LIFE*--IN BOLD...

IF YOU'RE *GAY*--IN BOLD-- THEN THAT IS WHO YOU *ARE*-- IN BOLD...

AN' THEN LATER ON THE KID GETS QUEERBASHED, RIGHT? AN' SWINGWING GOES AFTER THE GUYS AN' KNOCKS THE FUCK OUTTA THEM, AN' HE'S GOIN'...I HOPE THIS *HURTS*--IN BOLD-- EVERY BIT AS *MUCH*--IN BOLD--AS WHAT YOU *DID*-- IN BOLD--TO THAT *BOY*--IN BOLD...

I MEAN IN WHAT WEIRD FUCKIN' PARALLEL UNIVERSE HAS ANYTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED TO ANYONE, WOULD YOU TELL ME?

I'm Serious... This Is The Real World.

SWINGWING

GET SOME

part two

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PICK UP ORDER

IN BOLD...

WHY DO THEY DO THAT, ANYWAY? IT'S REALLY ANNOYIN' TRYNNA READ IT, IT MAKES IT LIKE STOP-START, STOP-START, STOP-START, YOU KNOW?

I DUNNO, I JUST THINK THIS IS REALLY STUPID. I MEAN GAY FELLAS DO GET BEATEN UP, THERE ARE THESE FUCKERS GO AROUND DOIN' IT--AN' HERE'S THIS SHITE SAYIN' NOT TO WORRY, THERE'S A *SUPERHERO* ON THE WAY...

HSPIZZA SLICES

WELL, THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT A' SUPES, INNIT? SOMETHIN' COMPLICATED, YOU MAKE IT SIMPLE. YOU MAKE IT SOMETHIN' YOU CAN HIT, OR ELSE YOU JUST IGNORE IT.

YOU STAY AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE FROM THE REAL WORLD--

WHICH LET'S FACE IT, CAN BE A MESSY FUCKIN' PLACE.

AW, NO...!

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IS THIS--?

KID THE LEGEND WANTS US LOOKIN' INTO. SAYS HE WAS FUCKIN' THE REAL-LIFE SWINGWING.

POOR *BASTARD*...

AW SHITE, THIS IS THE SORTA THING I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET USED TO, ISN'T IT?

YEP.

NAME OF DECEASED, STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN. AGED EIGHTEEN, STUDENT AT N.Y.U., APPARTMENT IN GRAMERCY BUT SPENT THE ODD WEEKEND WITH MUM IN YONKERS...A VERY NICE PART OF YONKERS...

PARENTS DIVORCED, DAD OVERSEAS, BENT AS A NINE-BOB NOTE AN' DEAD: FELL OFF THE ROOF OF A BUILDIN' AN' HIT NINTH AVENUE SIX STOREYS LATER.

NOTHIN' IN HERE TO SUGGEST FOUL PLAY AT ALL--WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY THE PLOD WEREN'T OVERLY INTERESTED...

EIGHTEEN.

THEN AGAIN, NO DRUGS, NO ALCOHOL. NO HISTORY OF MENTAL ILLNESS, NO TROUBLE AT COLLEGE OR WITH HIS MATES.

AN' NO MENTION OF SWINGWING, EITHER. HUH.

SHOULD WE...GO AN' TALK TO HIM?

NOT A BAD IDEA, EXCEPT I HAVEN'T A CLUE WHERE TO FIND THE CUNT.

THE OLD BASTARD WAS RIGHT, I AM A BIT OUTTA TOUCH...

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THEY INTERVIEWED A FEW O' HIS PALS...

WHAT ABOUT THIS LAD DRAKE, HE'S A BIT OLDER'N THE OTHERS, ISN'T HE? HE'S *NINE* YEARS OLDER'N STEPHEN, D'YOU THINK HE'D BE WORTH TALKIN' TO?

MIGHT BE.

SAYS HE'S A BARMAN AT THIS PLACE HERE...

MM, POSSIBLE BUMCHUM. ALL RIGHT, LET'S GIVE IT A GO.

...D'YOU HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THEM LIKE THAT?

EH?

LIKE *BUMCHUM*, AN' *BENT* AN' *POOF*. IT'S...I DUNNO, I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY.

I MEAN APART FROM ANYTHIN' ELSE, THE WEE LAD'S LYIN' HERE DEAD...

THAT A BAD WORD, IS IT? POOF?

I'M ONLY SAYIN'...

NO, I KNOW, HUGHIE. I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO MODIFY ME LANGUAGE TO SUIT YOUR DELICATE EARS.

YOU WILL LET ME KNOW IF I SLIP UP, WON'T YOU?

LET'S JUST GO...

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THOMAS, WON'T YOU RECONSIDER...?

TK421

I AM AFRAID NOT, MASTER ROBERT. MY MIND IS MADE UP.

BUT YOU'VE BEEN BUTLER TO THE VERNON FAMILY FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS...!

BE THAT AS IT MAY, SIR, I REGRET THAT I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE YOUR SERVICE FORTHWITH. MY POSITION HERE IS SIMPLY NO LONGER TENABLE.

LOOK, I--I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT. IT'S...I MEAN WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, IT...

I PROMISE YOU, NOTHING LIKE THAT WILL EVER--

YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP, SIR. I SEEM TO BE A TRIFLE DEAF IN MY LEFT EAR.

OH, IS THAT THE ONE--?

YES...

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I COULD PAY TO HAVE IT SYRINGED...

NO THANK YOU.

BUT--

MASTER ROBERT.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN GENTLEMAN AND MANSERVANT IS AS CLEAR-CUT AS IT IS TIME-HONORED. I WILL SERVE YOUR MEALS. I WILL LAY OUT YOUR ATTIRE. I WILL ANNOUNCE YOUR GUESTS UPON THEIR ARRIVAL.

I WILL PUT YOU TO BED WHEN YOU ARE THE WORSE FOR STRONG LIQUOR, I WILL ENSURE THAT DISCRETION PREVAILS WHEN FEMALE COMPANY BECOMES UNRULY, I WILL BE YOUR CONFIDANTE-- WHEN APPROPRIATE, I WILL EVEN BE YOUR FRIEND.

WHAT I WILL ***NOT*** DO IS SUBJECT MYSELF TO MANHANDLING OR OPEN PHYSICAL ASSAULT; MOST CERTAINLY NOT THE ***UNSPEAKABLE OUTRAGE*** THAT WAS RECENTLY COMMITTED UPON MY PERSON...

THOMAS...!

NOW: I BELIEVE THAT IS THE TAXICAB I SUMMONED.

PLEASE REST ASSURED THAT YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE WITH ME, SIR.

ALL YOUR SECRETS.

SIR.

GOOD DAY TO YOU.

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Red Rooster

HERE-- HANG ON--!

IS THIS A *GAY BAR?*

FUCK, WHATEVER COULD'VE GIVEN YOU THAT IDEA?

I'M NOT GOIN' IN THERE...!

YOU'VE NOTHIN' AGAINST 'EM PERSONALLY? SOME A' YOUR BEST FRIENDS ARE GAY?

LOOK, I JUST GET A BIT FREAKED OUT BY WHAT THEY *DO,* OKAY...?

WHY NOT?

WAIT A MINUTE, I'M A BASTARD FOR CALLIN' 'EM FRUITS OR WHATEVER, BUT YOU WON'T EVEN SET FOOT INSIDE A GAY BAR? YOU FUCKIN' HYPOCRITE, HUGHIE...!

NO, NO, I DON'T--I MEAN--

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SO DOES ANY STRAIGHT BLOKE WILLIN' TO TELL THE TRUTH, MATE. BUT I DOUBT WE'RE GONNA WALK IN THERE AN' IT'S GONNA BE WALL TO WALL ARSE-SEX.

THEN AGAIN, WHO KNOWS? NICE, PRESENTABLE LAD LIKE YOU...SOME DIRTY OLD CHICKENHAWK IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE...

HA BLOODY HA!

SO THEY'RE FINE IN THEORY THEN, BUT THE REALITY'S A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT?

FUCKSAKE, D'YOU HAVE TO RUB IT IN SO MUCH?

YEAH, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SAYIN' THAT AGAIN LATER ON.

BUMS TO THE WALL...

HELP YOU?

CLUB SODA, MATE. WHAT ABOUT YOU, HUGHIE?

PINT O' STELLA.

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ON THE WIFEBEATER?

YANK BEER'S PISH.

I WOULDN'T KNOW, I DON'T DRINK.

NO?

DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME. M.M. DRINKS THIS GEAR CALLED ANCHOR STEAM, YOU MIGHT WANNA GIVE THAT A TRY.

IS IT GOOD, AYE?

IF HE DRINKS IT, IT'S PROBABLY FANTASTIC. HE'S A FUCKIN' SNOB AN'A HALF ABOUT EVERYTHING, M.M.

YEAH...?

YEAH, HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW GOOD THE COFFEE IS?

THANKS, MATE. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW A GUY BY THE NAME A' PAUL DRAKE, WOULD YOU?

I'M HIM...

OH, THAT'S A STROKE A' LUCK. WE'RE HERE TO TALK ABOUT STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN.

YOU ARE?

UH, SORRY, WHO ARE YOU?

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BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT THE POLICE, NOT TALKING LIKE THAT.

WELL SPOTTED. NO, WE'RE LONDON C.I.D., ON EXCHANGE WITH A COUPLE OF N.Y.P.D. DETECTIVES. WE GOT CHELSEA AN' THEY GOT TOOTING.

RIGHT, I GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THERE ACTUALLY IS A PLACE CALLED THAT...NEVER MIND THE IDEA THAT A COUPLE OF BRITS ARE INTERESTED IN A SIX-MONTH DEAD GAY KID.

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT STEPHEN'S DEATH TO ME, FELLAS. JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR ON THAT.

UNDERSTAND YOUR SCEPTICISM.

BE HONEST WITH YOU, OUR AMERICAN COLLEAGUES DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CLUE WHAT TO DO WITH US. AN' CONSTABLE CAMPBELL HERE, HE HAS A LOT OF SYMPATHY WITH YOU LADS--HE THOUGHT LOOKIN' INTO STEPHEN'S CASE'D BE A WORTHWHILE USE OF OUR TIME.

SO I DUNNO, UNLESS YOU WANNA WAIT FOR A BETTER OFFER...

THAT RIGHT, CONSTABLE?

OH AYE.

SO WHAT DID YOU WANT TO ASK US LADS, EXACTLY?

WELL-- *AHRRM*--WE WANTED TO SEE WHAT YOU KNEW ABOUT, UH, ABOUT *SWINGWING*...

WELL, THAT IS ORIGINAL, THE OTHER DETECTIVES DIDN'T EVEN MENTION HIM.

THEN AGAIN, THE QUESTIONS THEY WERE ASKING, ALL THEY WERE DOING WAS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME EVEN CONSIDERING THE IDEA OF MURDER.

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DID YOU? DO YOU?
I DON'T KNOW.
I THOUGHT STEPHEN WAS...VULNERABLE. CONFUSED. UPSET A LOT OF THE TIME.
AND EXTREMELY FUCKABLE, LET'S NOT DENY IT.
MAX...
MAX...
JUST APPRAISING THE OFFICERS OF ALL THE FACTS OF THE CASE.
JUST DOING MY CIVIC DUTY.
THIS IS MAX, MY BOYFRIEND. HE HAS AN OPINION OR TWO OF HIS OWN.
WHICH I BELIEVE I'M MORE THAN ENTITLED TO. GIVEN THAT I HAD TO SIT HERE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, WATCHING THE LATEST IN A LINE OF PRETTY YOUNG THINGS MAKING EYES AT YOU.
BECAUSE STEPHEN WAS YOUNG, WASN'T HE? AND HE WAS PRETTY. AND LO AND BE-FUCKING-HOLD, JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT WE WERE *OVER* ALL THAT--
HERE HE IS BACK FROM THE GRAVE, TO TORMENT US ALL OVER AGAIN.
EXIT
CHRIST.

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HE'S A LITTLE OLDER THAN ME. HE SEES ME TALKING TO--

ACTUALLY, I'VE NO IDEA WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS...

LANSKY

SEAMUS ALE

WE'VE GOT THE SORTA FACES PEOPLE TRUST. DID YOU HAVE SOMETHIN' GOIN' WITH STEPHEN?

TESTING OUR THEORY, ARE WE?

NO. I MEAN HE KIND OF GLOMMED ONTO ME, AND I PROBABLY PLAYED UP TO IT A LITTLE BIT MORE THAN I SHOULD. HE WASN'T EXACTLY HARD ON THE EYE.

BUT ANYTHING ELSE...

YOU SAID HE WAS UPSET...HE WOULDN'TA BEEN, UH, HE WOULDN'TA MAYBE BEEN SUICIDAL...?

JESUS, NO. HE JUST HADN'T BEEN OUT LONG, HE HADN'T SAID ANYTHING TO HIS FOLKS. HE WAS AT A STAGE THAT MOST OF US GO THROUGH, THAT ISN'T A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT OF FUN.

I TALKED ABOUT IT WITH HIM. IT'S WHY HE WENT TO SEE SWINGWING, TOO.

WE WERE WONDERIN' WHERE HE CAME INTO IT...

STEPHEN READ HIS COMIC. SWINGWING'S THE GAY-FRIENDLY SUPERHERO, OR HADN'T YOU HEARD?

WE READ THE COMIC TOO.

HE COMES TO COMMUNITY MEETINGS NOW AND AGAIN. JUST LIKE THE COMIC, REALLY, SORT OF TALKING-TO-GAY-PEOPLE 101.

I SUPPOSE IT'S GOOD THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF SUPERHUMAN RESPONSE; IT'S JUST A BIT FUNNY BEING LECTURED ABOUT CRYSTAL METH BY A GUY DRESSED UP LIKE A FUCKING LUNATIC.

THE OTHER ONE, NOW, HE HAD A SERIOUS PROBLEM. HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM US.

WHAT OTHER ONE?

TEK KNIGHT.

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"SWINGWING BROUGHT HIM ALONG A COUPLE OF TIMES. SHOW HE WASN'T THE ONLY SUPE WHO CARED, THAT KIND OF THING.

"TEK KNIGHT WAS HORRIFIED. YOU COULD PRACTICALLY HEAR HIS SPHINCTER CLOSE UP THE INSTANT HE WALKED IN THE ROOM, I MEAN THIS GUY FUCKING ***LOATHED US...***"

HOW COULD YOU TELL, WITH THAT DAFT BLOODY HELMET HE HAS ON?

YOU LEARN.

BELIEVE ME.

SO ANYHOW, STEPHEN TRIED TO TALK TO SWINGWING A COUPLE OF TIMES. I COULD TELL HE REALLY WANTED TO, BUT HE KIND OF GOT ELBOWED ASIDE--SWINGWING BEING NOT UNATTRACTIVE HIMSELF, IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN...

IS HE GAY?

HUH...WELL, YOU PROBABLY THINK WE ALL HAVE SHIT-HOT GAYDAR, BUT HONESTLY? I DO NOT KNOW. HE COMES ACROSS AS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN FLIRTY AND PATRONISING.

I'LL TELL YOU THIS, THOUGH: BEYOND THE BIG SMILE AND THE HONEYED TONES, THE GUY'S GOT ABOUT AS MUCH ACTUAL CHARACTER AS A CARDBOARD CUT-OUT.

PERSONALITY--

THIS DEEP.

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IT'S ABSOLUTELY OUT OF THE QUESTION, BOB.

BUT--

COME ON.

I JUST WANT TO--

COME ON. WE'RE ALL AT SOME VOUGHT-AMERICAN DO, VIC THE VEEP'S IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPEECH, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'VE GOT BLACK NOIR BENT OVER THE BUFFET?

I CAN'T SEE IT GOING OVER TERRIBLY WELL, SOMEHOW...

I'M ON TOP OF IT, IT'S A TEMPORARY THING, I--OH, *FUCK...!*

ALL RIGHT, JUST TELL ME ONE THING. JUST TELL ME WHO TOLD YOU, OKAY? JUST THAT.

I CAN'T POSSIBLY BETRAY A CONFIDENCE...

JESUS, YOU'RE ACTUALLY ENJOYING THIS, AREN'T YOU? WHO WAS IT, WAS IT SOMEONE IN PAYBACK?

DID ONE OF THOSE *JEALOUS FUCKS* WANT TO STOP ME GETTING A BUMP UP...?

WELL, I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU DIDN'T **TELL THEM** YOU WERE UNDER CONSIDERATION, BOB. BECAUSE THAT'S ALL IT WAS, CONSIDERATION.

NO! NO-NO-NO-NO-NO, NO!

ANY HOPES OR DREAMS YOU MIGHT HAVE ENTERTAINED BEYOND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN **EXTREMELY** PRESUMPTIOUS...

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COME ON, THE POSITION'S FILLED, ANYWAY. YOU KNOW THAT.

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS PERMANENT, I...

I JUST HOPED, YOU KNOW? THAT'S ALL.

HOW THE HELL DID IT HAPPEN IN THE FIRST PLACE? I MEAN WHAT'S CAUSING IT?

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE BEEN RACKING MY BRAIN, IT... MIGHT HAVE BEEN WHEN WE WERE FIGHTING THE ZODOMITE, THOSE RAYS HE SHOOTS OUT...

IT'S A MYSTERY. A GRADE ONE, PRIMO, FULL-ON, EVEN THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE COULDN'T SOLVE THIS MOTHERFUCKER, *MYSTERY*...

HMM.

WELL, RATHER YOU THAN ME, IS THE SUM TOTAL OF SAGE-LIKE WISDOM I HAVE TO OFFER ON THIS ONE. PLUS, IF PAYBACK *DO* EVER RELENT? STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME AT THE NEXT TITANIC TEAM-UP.

YOU STILL THERE?

YES...

ALL RIGHT, LOOK: FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, I'M GOING TO THROW YOU A BONE. YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO TOLD US?

WHO?

LITTLE FRIEND OF YOURS.

LADDIO?!

NOT THAT LITTLE. THINK ABOUT IT.

=KLIK=

...MOTHERFUCKER.

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NON!!

DISASTER! CALAMITY! MERDE!

WHAT...?

LOOKS LIKE REVERSE-STRIP POKER, TO ME.

YOU LIKE YOUR BEER?

AYE, IT'S FUCKIN' GREAT, BEATS TEN COLORS A' SHITE OUTTA--

COASTER.

OH, SORRY.

THIS IS FROM MY PRIVATE STASH, HUGHIE. YOU HELP YOURSELF WHEN YOU WANT, BUT BE SURE AN' RE-STOCK THE REFRIGERATOR, 'HEAR?

OH, I WILL, AYE. I REALLY APPRECIATE IT; I FANCIED A BIT OF A BEVVY THIS AFTERNOON, BUT BUTCHER SAID I WAS ON THE TWO-PINT RULE...

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AIN'T A BAD RULE, WHEN YOU'RE WORKIN'. LEARNED THAT ONE IN THE MILITARY.

HE WAS A SOLDIER? OR YOU WERE?

HE WAS IN YOUR ROYAL MARINES. I WAS A ARMY RANGER.

AYE.

LOOK...YOU CAN TELL ME TO FUCK OFF IF YOU WANT, I MEAN IT REALLY IS NONE O' MY BUSINESS... BUT...

DID YOU EVER KILL ANYBODY?

YOU'RE THINKIN' ABOUT THE BLARNEY COCK.

I CAN'T *STOP* THINKIN' ABOUT THE FUCKIN' BLARNEY COCK...!

YEAH, I KILLED SOME PEOPLE. YEAH, THEY'RE IN MY HEAD-- NO, THEY AIN'T COMIN' OUT.

DUDES I WASTED IN THE ARMY, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO THEY WERE. TELL MYSELF IT WAS THE JOB, OR I HAD ORDERS, OR IT WAS THEM OR ME.

MUTHAFUCKAS I KILLED SINCE I JOINED THIS OUTFIT? I KNOW FOR A GODDAMN FACT THE WORLD IS A BETTER PLACE, WITHOUT THOSE SONSABITCHES STILL AROUND TO STINK IT UP.

I'M GLAD I PUT 'EM IN THE GROUND, EVERY SINGLE FUCKIN' ONE OF 'EM. ONLY REGRET I GOT IS I DIDN'T GET TO DO 'EM TWICE EACH.

JINGS...

YOU WANNA 'NOTHER BEER?

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CHEERS.

HAS, UH, HAS BUTCHER EVER KILLED ANYONE?

UM.

HE SLEEPS JUST FINE, TOO.

YOU KNOW, EVERY TIME I THINK I'VE GOT HIM PEGGED, HE DOES SOMETHIN' THAT PUTS ME RIGHT BACK TO SQUARE ONE. LIKE TODAY IN THE GAY BAR, HE COULDN'TA BEEN MORE RELAXED WI' THESE GUYS, MORE NATURAL...

BUT IF YOU'D TOLD ME BEFOREHAND, I'DA SAID YOU WERE DAFT. I'DA SAID THERE WAS NO WAY HE'D EVEN'VE *SET FOOT* IN A PLACE LIKE THAT.

WHAT, 'CAUSE HE GOES AROUND SAYIN'--WHAT'S THAT STUPID GODDAMN WORD YOU FOOLS HAVE INSTEADA FAG?

POOF?

POOF. WANKER, NOBBER, AUBERGINE, WHAT THE FUCK IS UP WIT' YOU PEOPLE?

BUTCHER DON'T HATE GAYS, HUGHIE. HE DON'T HATE ANYONE IF THERE AIN'T NO POINT TO IT.

YOU WANNA UNDERSTAND THE MAN, THAT'S ALL YOU GOTTA KNOW RIGHT THERE.

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UH...

CHECK IT OUT: YOU'RE EITHER A PROBLEM, OR YOU CAN HELP HIM, OR HE DON'T CARE. THERE AIN'T NO ***SENSE*** GETTING' PISSED AT SOMEONE 'CAUSE OF WHO THEY FUCKIN', THAT'S HOW HE SEES IT.

EVERYTHING HE DOES OR SAYS SERVES WHATEVER IT IS HE GOT PLANNED. HE DON'T WASTE NOTHIN'-- NOT TIME, NOT WORDS, NOT EFFORT.

NOT EVEN A GODDAMN SMILE, HUGHIE.

ME, NOW, I USEDTA HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM WIT' FAGS...

WHY?

PLACE I GREW UP, THAT WAS JUST HOW IT WAS.

THEY WERE WEAK. THEY WERE DISGUSTIN'. YOU HATED THE MUTHAFUCKAS, OR THERE MIGHTA BEEN SOMETHIN' WRONG WIT' YOU, TOO.

AN' THEN, ONE DAY?

I FOUND OUT WHAT HATE TRULY IS.

AN' IT AIN'T A BUNCHA LAZY-ASS FUCKIN' BULLSHIT.

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GOD, HAVE YOU SEEN SOME O' THESE HOUSES...?

WESTCHESTER, MATE. LOT OF OLD MONEY OUT HERE.

D'YOU READ THE REST A' THOSE COMICS, THEN?

EH? OH AYE.

THEY DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'.

WELL, SWINGWING YOU KNOW ABOUT, THEY'RE ALWAYS WRITIN' IN SOME CAUSE O' THE MONTH FOR HIM TO GET HET UP ABOUT. VERY POLITICALLY CORRECT, AN' ABOUT AS SUBTLE AS A BRICK THROUGH A WINDOW.

ANY IDEA HOW TO FIND HIM?

NAH. THERE'S ADS IN THE COMIC FOR H.I.V. CHARITIES AN' ALL-- I PHONED A FEW O' THEM, THEY SAID THEY ONLY DEAL WI' THE PUBLISHER.

LADDIO'S A DEAD END. ALL HE DOES IS FIGHT PEOPLE THE SAME SIZE AS HIM.

AN' TEK KNIGHT... TEK KNIGHT'S *BORIN'*. THEY HAVE HIM AS THIS DARK, DRIVEN AVENGIN' FELLA, BUT THEY ALWAYS PULL THEIR PUNCHES. AN' I MEAN THE SECRET IDENTITY...

YEAH, I KNOW. THEY DON'T EVEN BOTHER MAKIN' IT ALL THAT DIFFERENT TO THE REAL-LIFE ONE.

IT'S FUNNY, HE'S BEEN AROUND AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, BUT HE'S NEVER GIVEN US ANY REASON TO TAKE AN INTEREST. NOTHIN' DODGY, NOTHIN' DIRTY...FUCK, HE IS BORIN', ISN'T HE?

HMH.

HE'S THE ONLY ONE A' THE BIG BOYS WE NEVER WENT NEAR.

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THOMAS?
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR, THOMAS!
WHY AREN'T YOU--
OH, SHIT...
COMING! BE RIGHT THERE!
CHRIST--!
COMING...!
HELLO?

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